

Three Words of Strength

There are three lessons I would write,
Three words, as with a burning pen,
In tracings of eternal light,
Upon the hearts of men.

Have Hope. Though clouds environ
round,
And gladness hides her face in scorn,
Put off the shadow from thy brow;
No night but hath its morn.

Have Faith. Where'er thy barque is driv-
en—
The calm's disport, the tempest's
mirth—
Know this: God rules the hosts of heav-
en.
The inhabitants of earth.

Have Love. Not love alone for one,
But man, as man, thy brother call;
And scatter, like a circling sun,
Thy charities on all.

—Schiller.



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I think my mistress, Philomene, the most beautiful woman I ever saw—yes, and the sweetest and the gentlest and the best. And she says that, next to my father, she loves me better than any dog she ever knew.

But I am not the only one who loves Philomene.

The Man has often said to me, when Philomene wasn't around: "Paddy, old man, I really believe you love your mistress nearly as much as I do," which shows that he doesn't really know how very much I do love her.

I know that Philomene loves the Man, too, for I have watched her night after night take his picture from its place on her dressing table, and kiss it tenderly and say such sweet things to it. Just as if a picture could hear and feel! Why she doesn't say those things to the Man himself I can't make out; she says them to me.

One night the Man and Philomene went out alone, and when they returned the Man came in to get warm, for it was very cold out of doors. They went into the tea room, and I followed them there and curled up under the table. I must have fallen asleep for when I awoke I was sure that the Man had gone, for I heard my mistress talking to the picture, just as I heard her so many times before. She was saying:

"Of course I love you, dear. You must have known it for a long time. I tried so hard not to let you see it, and yet I was afraid in my heart that you wouldn't. That's the woman of it you know."

I looked out from under the table and saw that she was not talking to the picture, but to the Man. They were standing by the fire-place, and the Man had his arms around her, and the light from the fire made her cheeks as red as the glowing coals in the grate. The Man was saying:

"Sweetheart, my sweetheart, I love you—ah, how I do love you! You have foolishly set me on a very high pedestal, but I will try and be worthy of the priceless love you have given me."

Philomene raised her face and the Man kissed her, and as he did so I felt a funny feeling inside of me, and I wanted to rush out and bite him on the leg, but I knew my mistress wouldn't like that, so I restrained myself.

The next day a boy brought my mistress a little package of letters, and



Just as if a Picture Could Hear and Feel!

when she opened them and read the first one she grew as white as a ghost and gave a little gasp and pressed her hand to her heart. All day long she sat in her room saying nothing, seeing nothing, and paying no attention even to me, but with such a look in her eyes as I never wish to see in them again. That night, when the Man came, she walked quietly into the room, and as he arose to meet her, and held out his hands, she placed the package of letters in them. The Man's face turned even whiter than her's.

"In God's name, Philomene, where

did you get these?" he gasped as he sank into a chair.

"A messenger brought them to me this morning," she said wearily. "I do not know who sent them—or why." Then she went on bravely: "Tell me all about them; tell me all about her. Was she—as much to you—did you love her so very, very dearly?" she asked softly. "Is she dead or—"

"No, no, Philomene. I thought I loved her, but it was not real love—I know what that is now. But the story is such a miserable one, I cannot



"It's So Different, So Different," he said to tell it to you. Still, as you say, you have a right to know, and I will tell you all—the whole truth."

"Yes, dear," said Philomene, "all of it, please."

"I met Helen Burnett at a reception given by an artist friend in London. Her wonderful beauty of face and form caught me, and before I knew it I was, as I thought, desperately in love with her. She was an actress—not so great on the stage as she was off it—as I discovered to my sorrow. We left London together and went to Paris—"

"You married her?"

"Well—no, not—you see, she had a husband living somewhere and she had not yet secured—"

A low moan from Philomene caused a spasm of pain to cross the Man's face. He hesitated and then went on:

"But I intended to marry her just as soon as I could do so. Then one day, some kind friend—I never knew who, but I have blessed him ever since—told her that I had reached the end of my fortune; that I was practically a beggar. When she came to me and asked me if the report was true she mist cleared from my eyes, and I saw her as she really was. To get rid of her was my only thought, and so I did not deny the rumor, but allowed her to think that it was true. Later when she found out that she had been duped, she was furious at the loss of her prey, and she swore she would some day get even with me. Fearful of what she might do, I sent a friend to her with instructions to buy from her my letters. She sold them to him for an enormous price; but it seems that she kept a few of them. She has sent them to you—and—well—and that is all."

Philomene looked at the Man's haggard face and a sweet pity stole over her own. Then she slipped quietly around behind him and put her arms around his neck and pressed her face close to his cheek.

"Dearest," she said; "I had thought, in the way all women love to think, that I was the One Woman. But it was foolish of me to think you any less human than other men—and women—"

she added after a little pause. "I know that it was only a mad infatuation that carried you off your feet—and I know now it is all a thing of the past. I love you and I forgive you, as I know you would forgive me, were you in my place and I in yours."

"My darling!" cried the Man, and he turned and took her in his arms. "Would you, dear?" whispered Philomene.

"How could I help it?" said the Man, pressing his lips against her soft cheek.

"Anything? Are you sure; are you very, very sure?" and her sweet gray eyes looked searchingly into his own. "I am very sure," the Man said simply.

"Then sit down in this chair; I have something to tell you," said Philomene. The Man obeyed wonderingly. Philomene stood behind where he could not see her, and said, very slowly and hesitatingly:

"In Italy, three years ago, I was the mistress of the Count d'Orsay."

The Man stopped breathing; his face grew a horrible ashen gray, and his lips lost every trace of color. "I can't believe it," he gasped.

"I swear to you that it is true," said Philomene solemnly.

And it was true. For the Count d'Orsay was my father, and it was while Philomene was in Italy that he was given to her.

The Man sat for a long time with his face hidden in his hands, but he did not speak. At last Philomene said, ever so gently and sorrowfully:

"Now you know, dearest, how great my love is for you. True love is always forgiving. Is your love for me as great as mine for you? I loved the Count d'Orsay"—The Man shuddered—"with a purer, truer love than ever you bestowed on Helen Burnett. Surely that ought to count in my favor. And some day, dearest, when you have forgiven me fully, I will explain it all, and you will be glad that you loved me so well, loved me enough to forgive me, as I have forgiven you."

But the Man only sobbed and murmured: "It's so different, so different."

"No, no, dear, it only seems different. It is really just the same. An unkind world has cast a heavier load of chains upon the woman—that's all—but there is no real difference. But I won't ask you to answer now; you must have time to think. Wait until tomorrow, and then, if you find that your love is as great as mine, you may send me a rose. Good night, dear."

The Man arose and took a few steps toward the door through which she had vanished, then stopped and turning, went blindly out into the night.

I went softly up the stairs to the room where my mistress sat with a strange, frightened look on her face that I was almost frightened, too.

"Oh, Paddy boy," she cried, throwing herself on her knees by my side, and putting her arms around my neck. "Have a done a foolish thing? A dog's love lives while his life lasts. Nothing can shake it; nothing can destroy it. But a man's love—ah, I don't know—I don't know."

But she will know tomorrow.

Wise Man of the Trolley.

"Yes," said the conductor, as he gave the motorman the double ring, "I can tell what day of the week it is by the size of money these young fellows have. Now, there is that kid in front just gave me a five-dollar note and made me hustle for change. That's his salary. He'll be walking down town next Friday morning. That young woman there, who just gave me a dollar bill, had to look through a pocketbook full of samples on Saturday morning to find a nickel."

"But this is Monday," remarked the observant patron, "and I saw a man give you five cents just now. How do you account for that?"

"Oh, that's easy," said the knight of the cord; "he's married."—Baltimore News.

Old China as Table Decorations.

Georgina, countess of Dudley, is said to have been the first hostess who grasped the possibilities of old pieces of gold and silver as table decorations. Old china lends itself to this purpose as readily, as was proved at the dinner party given by Baron and Baroness Alphonse de Rothschild this week in their fine mansion, Rue Saint Florentin. The flowers were the priceless orchids for which the baron's conservatories at Ferrieres are celebrated, and the golden and mauve tints of the exquisite blossoms were thrown into harmonious relief by the pieces of green Sevres china placed on the table. A London hostess not long ago made a sensation by decorating her table entirely with La France roses and using a dinner service of pink Sevres, matching the flowers perfectly. —London Graphic.

The Shopping Spree.

The fascinating bargain ads Allured her thrifty eye. And forth she sallied on to hunt, Beneath a torrid sky.

And Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Jones And Mrs. Brown she met. And with them each in turn "stepped in" And her interior wet.

With Mrs. Johnston next she drank, And then with Mrs. Hall, And on her way home, all alone, She took a final bail.

And though she brought no bargain back To boast about and brag, How blissfully she did enjoy That ice cream soda jag. —Brooklyn Life.

Good Services Appreciated.

Citizens of Scarboro, Poweshiek county, Iowa, gave a banquet the other evening to a gang of sixty Italians who have been working on the Iowa Central improvement and construction work near that town. The banquet was in recognition of the services of the men in putting out a fire that threatened to destroy the town.

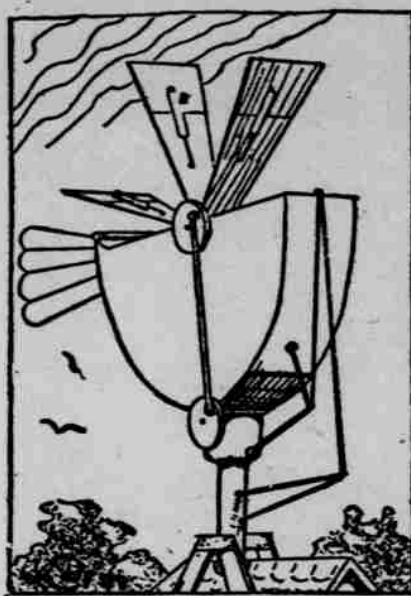
Is Authority on Radium.

Dr. Rutherford, a young professor of Montreal, who lately delivered a notable lecture on radium, is recognized as the chief authority of the western hemisphere on that subject. He was, in fact, one of the first to throw light on the nature of radioactivity. Prof. Rutherford is about to publish a book dealing with that topic.

HAS SOLVED GREAT PROBLEM.

Inventor's Idea Revolutionizes Present Windmill Machinery.

The great problem of windmill makers in all time has been to overcome the resistance of the wind as the fans of the wheels return from their forward movement. It is quite clear to every one that as each fan goes against the wind in making its revolution, it must, to a great extent, act as a drag to the wheel. It is for this reason that the ordinary fans or blades are set at an angle. An inventor has conceived the idea of in-



The New Windmill.

closing the half of the wheel in which the blades made their return trips, and in addition so managing valve-like doors in each blade as to allow the air free course through them. It is said this machine is a most powerful affair and will do much to revolutionize the present windmill machinery.

Springs on a Pennsylvania Watershed.

On the same farm in Potter county, Pa., are two strong, clear springs which bubble up out of the white sand with great force, and about three miles distant is another spring of like character.

If a chip were thrown into each of these and could float on uninterrupted to the sea they would reach their destination many thousands of miles apart. One is the fountain head of the Genesee river, which flows into Lake Ontario, and finally reaches the sea at the mouth of the Gulf of St. Lawrence. The other is the fountain head of the Allegheny river, which unites at Pittsburgh with the Monongahela to form the Ohio, and reaches the sea at the mouth of the Mississippi. The third is the fountain head of Pine creek, which flows into the west branch of the Susquehanna and reaches the sea at Chesapeake bay. —National Geographical Magazine.

Brieuc Girl.



The women of Saint-Brieuc, Brittany, are celebrated for the beauty and the fine texture of their caps.

A Remarkable Operation.

The left arm of Thomas Shay, Jr., which had been shattered by bird-shot, was saved by forcing the impoverished limb into his stomach for nourishment.

The operation ranks among the most skillful surgical feats performed at the New Orleans Charity Hospital. By nourishing the arm in the abdominal region the torn ligaments became reunited, a complete new skin grew, and after the parts had grown sufficiently the arm was removed from the stomach almost intact.

The operation obviated the necessity of amputation, and soon Shay will be able to use the arm.—New Orleans correspondence Philadelphia Press.

Light-Giving Insects.

The cucujo is the firefly of the tropics, and it is the most brilliant of the whole tribe of light-giving insects or animals. Thirty-eight of them yield one candle-power. Photographs have been printed by two-minute exposure of bromide plates to their illumination. People in Cuba confine them in paper lanterns for going about the country at night or for indoor lighting. Sometimes they attach one of the insects to each foot for traveling in the dark to serve as a guide to the path. Ladies use them as ornaments for the dress and hair.

Spanish Professional Beggars.

There are 190,227 professional beggars in Spain. In some of the cities beggars are licensed to carry on their trade. Seeking alms is recognized as legitimate business, and the municipality demands a percentage upon the collections. Seville is the only city in the kingdom which forbids begging in the streets.

OLDEST CLOCK IN ENGLAND.

Erected in 1320 in One of the Towers of Peterborough Cathedral.

Peterborough cathedral has the oldest working clock in England. It was erected about 1320 and is probably the work of a monastic clockmaker. It is the only one now known that is wound up over an old wooden wheel. This wheel is about 12 feet in circumference, and the galvanized cable, about 300 feet in length, supports a leaden weight of 3 cwt., which has to be wound up daily.

The clock is said to be of much more primitive construction than that made by Henry de Nick for Charles V. of France in 1370. The clock chamber is in the northwest tower, some 120 feet high, where the sunlight has not penetrated for hundreds of years, and the winding is done by the light of a candle.

The gong is the great tenor bell of the cathedral, which weighs 32 cwt., and it is struck hourly by an 80 pound hammer. The going and the striking parts of the clock are some yards apart, communication being by a slender wire. The clock has no dial. The time is shown on the main wheel of the escapement, which goes round once in two hours.

Cured by Bolt From Sky.

During a thunderstorm lightning struck the chimney and descended into a room at the home of Mrs. W. T. Leopold at Savannah, Ga. Mrs. Leopold and two of her children felt the shock, Mrs. Leopold getting much of its force. She had been suffering greatly with inflammatory rheumatism for seven years. Immediately after the shock she found that her rheumatism had disappeared. Her physician thinks it may have disappeared permanently.

Helmet for Motor Cyclists.

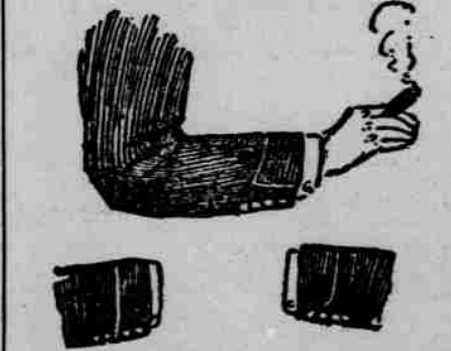


In France the motor cyclists have received so many broken heads that resort has been had to a pneumatic helmet to soften the blow when the rider alights on the wrong end. It consists of a hollow leather cap which is inflated just like a bicycle tire.

A Tibetan Monastery.

Nagar-tse Joig, in Tibet, is situated on the shores of Yamdok-tso, or Scorpion lake. On the summit of a conical hill stand Samding monastery, a well-known establishment, of both monks and nuns, presided over by a great abbess, the incarnation of the Goddess Dorje Phagmo. The hill on which the monastic buildings stand is ascended by numerous stone steps, now in a dilapidated condition. From the top there is a striking view, not only of the great lake and its mountainous peninsula, but also of a gloomy inner lake just below the southern cliff, known as the Dudmo-tso, or Female Demon lake. The abbess is a great lady and the only female in Tibet allowed to be carried in a Sedan chair. When she dies she is succeeded by a female infant in whom she is supposed to live again. The reincarnation of the goddess-abbess is now a child of 7 years of age.

New Gauntlet Sleeve.



On the gauntlet cuff, which has just appeared on men's evening dress in England, the buttons are arranged to suit the individual taste.

Electrical Tree in India.

An electrical tree has been discovered in a forest in central India. Its leaves are of a highly sensitive nature and so full of electricity that any person who touches one of them receives an electrical shock. It has a very singular effect upon a magnetic needle and will influence it at a distance of even seventy feet.

Dog Knows Telephone Call.

Dr. J. S. Sturtevant of Dixfield, Me., has a dog which is able to distinguish the Sturtevant call on the telephone. When he hears the right ring he barks and runs about the room until he attracts someone's attention and he sees the call properly answered. Then he sits back and listens in a most satisfied manner.

IN THE REAL WEST.

Old Theatrical Man Tells of Conditions Years Ago.

"In my younger days," remarked "Jack" Flaherty, "I was directing the destinies of a small troupe of trained amateurs through the West. And when I say West I do not mean Ohio. I mean I was so far West that Denver was regarded as an effete Eastern city."

"The stores out there are more versatile than any comedian who ever played Hamlet at a matinee. Uncle Tom at night, and doubled in brass" in an intervening

parade. You simply could not feaze the proprietor of a store by asking for unexpected articles. Hardware, groceries, ammunition, patent medicines, boots and shoes, dry goods, mining implements, toilet articles—all these were the stock in trade of the merchants.

In one little Arizona town I was in the leading store, when a solemn man entered and said: 'Have you got any crackers?'

"The proprietor of the store answered: 'Sure thing! What kind do you want—whip, fire, or soup?'" —New York Times.

A Wonderful Tree.

Most people have heard of the polyp, that wonderful marine animal which, cut into a thousand pieces, grows into a thousand new animals. The same thing is true of the polyp tree, a species of cereus, which is abundant in Paraguay. The minutest piece of this tree, cut from whatever part, grows into a new plant. It is not necessary to plant it; all you have to do is to throw it on the ground, when it will strike root of its own accord. These plants, with their relatives, the cacti, have the remarkable habit of deriving their sustenance entirely from the rain and the atmosphere, for they will grow and thrive in clefts in the naked rock where there is not a particle of earth matter. Their succulent stems are full of a viscous matter which makes an excellent glue. Ridding a garden of the weird tree would probably be a difficult business.

Old Jug Repaired a Church.

A church-warden of West Malling, Kent, (Eng.) parish church discovered in a lumber-room some time ago a peculiarly-shaped jug, which was subsequently identified as a rare old Elizabethan stoup. An offer of \$125 for it was refused, and the church authorities decided to send it to Christie's, where it was sold for \$5,700. With the proceeds the authorities have just completed several important improvements in the fine old church. Parts of the fabric have been restored, a new porch has been erected, and the seating accommodation has been greatly improved.

Born to Shine.



Neither Chaullodus nor Medusa needs to drink "fluorescin." They were born with an "inner light of their own."

Overtaken by Retribution.

Lord Eldon records a strange coincidence. A man was murdered and his assailant escaped. Twelve years later the brother of the murdered man fell asleep in the bar of a Liverpool public house. He awoke, feeling somebody in the act of picking his pocket. The moment he opened his eyes he exclaimed: "Good God! That man killed my brother twelve years ago." The pickpocket was secured, tried and condemned. The evidence showed that immediately after the murder he had enlisted and gone to India. He had but just landed in Liverpool when he went into the public house, and his first act in that city was to attempt to rob the brother of the man whom so long before he had killed.

Small English Railway.

In the lake district of England there is a tiny railway which has only one train, run by two officials, one of whom is managing director, ticket collector, guard and porter, and the other chief engineer, engine driver and stoker. The train stops anywhere. It frequently goes off the line, but crows are carried, with which the train is persuaded to return to its proper position. When a friend of either official is observed the train is brought to a



standstill. At one time, when the managing director was courting the daughter of a farmer through whose lands the line ran, the young lady would take her stand at a certain gate every evening, the train would be stopped and the young man would kiss her good night.